

poor. The hearse goes in front. The minister follows immediately behind it on foot. Following him are the chief mourners, two abreast. After them come the friends of the family. All these walk, no matter if the distance is considerable. Behind the whole procession are several empty carriages for the purpose of bringing the relatives home from the cemetery. How customs differ!

I was not half so shocked in Paris as I thought I was going to be. There are some objectionable things, too objectionable to mention here, but on the whole I found Paris a very fascinating place. Of course if I had chosen to go below the surface I could have found a great deal of rottenness, but I could do that same thing in any American city.

The Louvre is the most interesting thing in Paris. It was the old royal palace. It is now half museum and half art gallery. Some of the great paintings of the world are in the Louvre. I have often wondered if I would know a great painting if I saw it, unless some one had told me beforehand that it was great. I did. The moment I saw "The Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, I knew I was in the presence of a masterpiece. Anybody would know. I went back every day I was in Paris and looked at that picture.

You are not in Paris long until you see what a tremendous impression Napoleon has left upon the French people. There are memorials of him everywhere. The French people adore him. An incident will illustrate their devotion to him. Napoleon's tomb is one of the most interesting places in Paris. An Episcopal rector from New York, whom I learned to know and like, was standing at the tomb listening to a guide, who was a Frenchman, tell of the wonderful deeds of Napoleon. When he was through the rector quietly remarked: "I did not hear you say anything about Waterloo." You would have thought that Vesuvius had broken loose. The Frenchman came at him in a most infuriated and threatening manner. The rector, who happened to be a native of Ireland, fearing personal violence, snatched a small British flag from his pocket. He might as well have waved a red rag in a mad bull's face. He saw his mistake and jerked an American flag out of another pocket. That was a little better, but it was only by the intervention of a policeman that the rector got safely out of the building and lost himself in the crowd. This incident also shows us the excitable temperament of the Frenchman. I think it also shows us a little of the philosophy of history. Nations do not love to record their own defeats or the defeats of their heroes. We need not wonder if the Egyptian monuments make no mention of the overthrow of Pharaoh and his army at the Red Sea.

But it takes me too long to get to my real subject. My Sabbath in Paris was a very beautiful day. It began with a temptation even to a preacher. The magnificent fountains at Versailles play on the first Sunday in each month during the summer season. That is the only time they ever play. Perhaps there are no other fountains like them in all the world. Versailles is only sixteen miles away. The roads are fine and the country beautiful. Good Christian people are going, just as good as you are, and perhaps better. You go

in an automobile and will not cause anybody to work. If you stay in Paris you will probably not be able to find a church where you can understand the language. Not only so, but you never expect to have the opportunity again. Besides, you don't like to seem squeamish to your friends.

Well, I did not go to Versailles. I went to the little Scotch Presbyterian Church instead, and enjoyed the service more than I did any other service in my whole trip. It was restful to hear the English language again, even with a broad Scotch accent. And then they sang hymns that I knew. At the close of the service they were very cordial to me. Above all there was a good sermon and reverent prayers. The whole service was uplifting. When I started out to locate this little church I had no trouble, even in big French-speaking Paris. There was a notice of it in the Saturday's paper. When I asked the hotel porter how to find it, he at once led me to a notice and map on a placard on the wall. The Scotch minister had left it there. The map showed me exactly how to get to the church from my hotel. In other words, that little church had done all it could to reach me and it found me. I hope that many other English speaking people who go to Paris may find their way to the Scotch church and may find there that perfect peace of God which passeth all understanding.

In the afternoon I went to the French Protestant church, but the paper was mistaken, and there was no service, yet I was well repaid for the walk. In front of the church is a good statue of Coligny, the leader of the Huguenots. I lingered long in its presence, reading its inscriptions and trying to catch something of the spirit of those Christian martyrs, who willingly laid down their lives for the cause of Christ. The biography of Coligny is a very inspiring one and ought to be read more by Christian people in America. The French do not look upon Sunday as a holy day, but as a holiday pure and simple. The devout Catholics attend their churches and cathedrals. The devout Protestants also go to their churches. But the rank and file of the people are out for fun and a good time. The gardens and parks are filled with merry, good-natured crowds. The streets are full of vehicles of all kinds. The theaters are in full blast. Many of the smaller shops and stores are open. The banks of the Seine are lined with fishermen who never seem to catch anything. The crowds are quiet and orderly, but they are having fun.

France, so far as I could learn, has absolutely no Sunday law, and yet she has one of the most unique laws upon earth. You can do exactly as you please on Sunday, but everybody who works for anybody else must rest one whole day out of every seven. He can take that day on Sunday if he likes, or he can take it on a week day, but he must take it. This applies to clerks, drivers, car conductors, hotel waiters and everybody who works for another. Inspectors come around every week and see if they have kept the law. I may say that this is a comparatively new law. As a result of it all the large stores are closing on Sunday, and the people are coming more and more to observe the same day, which is Sunday. So we may have good hopes that there will be a real Sunday in France in the years to come.